

# La Vigna

VOLUME IX NO. 3

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

DECEMBER 1992

## CAROLYN LEE & WILLIAM BILANCIO WED

What a wonderful day it was in Princeton New Jersey on August 22. William Bilancio, son of Terence and Willie Bilancio, grandson of Rose and Louis Bilancio, and Carolyn Lee, daughter of Culbert Lee, were married in Trinity Episcopal Church. William's father read part of the service; Fran Bilancio, William's uncle, served as best-man and Carolyn's father, Culbert Lee of Newport News, Virginia, accompanied his daughter and stood with her at the altar.

(Continued on page 2)



CAROLYN and WILLIAM BILANCIO



PETER SCHONING & CORINNE BILANCIO  
Married in America July 25, 1992

On July 25, 1992, we attended the wedding of Corinne Bilancio and Peter Schoning at picturesque Bryn Mawr College. Just two years earlier this was the same place, even the same room, where Corinne and Peter had been Susan and Jens Schonings maid of honor and best man; by a twist of fate Susan and Jens were now serving as matron of honor and best man.



## UNCLE AL WOULD BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU

The **Alfonso Bilancio Memorial** of the Central Jersey Chapter, American Italian Historical Association will conduct a month long Essay Contest-January 1-30, 1993.

When Uncle Al died (September 16, 1990) in keeping with his wishes, his 95 years old body was donated to science. There being no viewing, donations were requested to be made to the Central Jersey Chapter, A.I.H.A. Uncle Al was a Charter Member.

The Essay subject, aimed at High School students and the general adult population, is title "What It Means to Be an Italian American".

The four winning entries will be awarded autographed copies of the new 528 page book LA STORIA--Five Centuries of the Italian American Experience by authors Jerre Mangione and Ben Morreale. The award ceremony will be held at Mercer County Community College on Sunday, February 21, 1993 at 3 p.m. Author Jerre Mangione will give a talk as well as be available to autograph the book after the awards presentation.

Watch media announcements for further details.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*

### A STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE

We have been talking about taking a walk through Chambersburg in the Spring. Since Chambersburg is where most of our ancestors settled and many of us lived, we thought it would be educational, enjoyable and interesting to reminisce about our past together. So--we would dine at ????? and stroll down Bavard, Butler, Elmer ? ? ?. We might even take along a VCR and show it at the family picnic. Think about joining us. We will have more details in the next issue of LaVigna.

\*\*\*\*\*

### CAROLYN and WILLIAM BILANCIO WED

(Continued from page 1)

Also present were Carolyn's sister, Charlotte Lee, Carolyn's friend, Pam Maxwell, the mother of the groom, Judith and Graham Cross, god-parents of William, and their daughter Rosa Cross. Carolyn was lovely in a dress hand tailored by Rosa Cross.

After the ceremony, William and Carolyn welcomed friends and family at a reception at the home of Graham and Judith. It was so beautiful in spirit, warmth, joviality and good will. Also, it was delicious. William had helped his mother and Judith prepare good Italian food for the sixty guests.

The house was filled with flowers from gardens, markets and fields of New Jersey. And flowing along with food and wine were speeches; speech-making in the Bilancio family has always had a prominent spot and this event was no exception.

As someone said at the end of the day-- This gathering had in it the spirit of 90 Eggerts Road. I think Rose and Louis would have been proud.

Willie Bilancio



### CORINNE BILANCIO & PETER SCHONTIG WED

(Continued from page 1)

Live chamber music, which had greeted guests upon arrival, played as the wedding party entered. We swelled with pride when the radiantly beautiful bride appeared on her father's arm dressed in her exquisite long-trained gown. The groom's proud smile awaited Corinne at the altar, and our emotions crescendoed as Lew Bilancio was ushered to his pew after giving his daughter in marriage. Elizabeth Affsprung, Corinne's friend, administered the wedding vows and expressed her heartfelt good wishes for the happy couple. The ceremony was punctuated by Bobbie Wiesner-Chianese's captivating voice singing La Vesta Bianca, a romantic Italian song, and Fran Bilancio's delivery of St. Paul's sermon of love. As the beaming couple turned to exit, we felt tears of joy for their new beginnings.

Music, hors d'oeuvres and fine spirits greeted us on the canopied veranda. Here we had the opportunity to interact with all the beautiful people--Peter, Jens, Susan, their families, Beth, her husband and everyone there.

The arrival of Benny Snyder's band marked our move to the dining hall, where we became more intimate with new friends as we indulged in culinary offerings and toasted the couple. Peter's brother gave a toast whimsically describing various stages of Peter's development from youth; and Peter gave his own moving toast wherein he praised Corinne's intelligence, beauty and abilities. The meal ended with a grand assortment of after dinner cordials.

Once on the dance floor, we were treated to the traditional Danish wedding dance where Peter and Corinne were surrounded and became squeezed into the middle of all the guests. All too soon the wedding cake, adorned with real flowers, was cut and guests began making their way home.

We enjoyed this memorable wedding and were happy to be a part of the celebration honoring the happy couple. The La Vigna family sends their strongly felt wishes that Peter and Corinne spend the rest of their lives in growing love, enjoying their differences, their faults and their virtues. May your promise to love and to cherish grow in beauty and meaning with each new day.

Congratulations!





### A LA VIGNA PHENOMENON

It's been two and a half years since I last attended a La Vigna meeting. It's been two and a half years since my then pregnant wife Angelica, my son Ira and I moved to Southwest Michigan.

I get an occasional call now to submit an article. Sometimes I do/Sometimes I don't. I'll stare at the landscape or life's passing parade as I scan the inner eye for images or memories which might translate into a good story.

It is a conjuring. The past dances in my head. My Parents, Angelo Chianese, Aunt Mary and Uncle Nick singing Oi Marie on the back terrace one summer's eve/Spring wrens moving into their summer house/Aunt Lorraine's apple trees/Uncle Al's paint-mixing in the basement/Uncle Ange's drawing and storytelling/GrandPop Nick playing checkers and bocci with the teenage me/My Father kneeling by my bed each night as he taught me to pray.

Takes an emotional effort to commit to paper.

This memory thing; this writing thing is a mystery. It is special. Sometimes joyful/Sometimes painful.

For the writer/For the reader. From my family, then, comes this Holiday thank you to this La Vigna phenomenon which continues to enrich each of our lives far beyond the time it takes to read, write or assemble this unique journal.

It is a gift to each other, to ourselves.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

Frannie, Angelica, Ira and Luigi



Dear Editor,

I would be honored indeed that you might perhaps print, xerox or whatever publish this short note. We hear in California spend most of our time waiting for earthquakes. So you must give us extra credit because whatever we accomplish is done with one 1/2 of our attention -- the other 1/2 is listening for earthquakes. I'm also sending some money as you can see it is inside the fold for protection from x-raying cruks.

Secondly, one of the things over professors really say is very very important -- is that over articles must not be changed, we should get full credit for our writings. As a whole this university is a great place.

Thirdly, for over coursework we mainly look at movies. For enjoyment we do some real hard work. That's how it is in California. By the way "California" is connected to "Calipygian" which is a great honor.

Thank you so much.

Anon.

(I would give you my name, but then you'd know who I am.)

p.s. Happy Xmas and merry new Years!

P.S.S. In the future would you prefer money or more letters?

Dear Family.

We were so bummed out to hear that we missed the picnic a few weeks back. So we would now like to be informed by our own copy of La Vigna. Our address is:

Marea & Ted Dumbauld  
455 E. 86 #34A  
New York NY 10028

As far as family news goes:

Ron Armenti is beginning Podiatry school in September. It's a 4-year program at New York's School of Podiatric Medicine.

Grandma Mary Armenti and her granddaughters--Marea Dumbauld, Cristina Candelori, Cheri Candelori and Celeste Armenti went to Ellis Island and found many Armenti's, the Bilancio family, and other relations on the wall of people who immigrated thru Ellis Island. It was a beautiful day--weather wise and company wise. We later topped off the day with a delicious meal in Little Italy.

The day was not just fun but educational as well--Grandma shared her experience with us as we explored what once was one of the largest immigration stops in the United States.

Although we haven't received our own copy of La Vigna, we are excited to start our subscription. It's so great to have a connection with everyone thru this type of correspondence. Thank you for putting it together. Please let us know if we can be of any help.

With love,  
Marea Dumbauld

## LEW'S CHRISTMAS LETTER

Once again the holiday season reminds us how fortunate we are, for we may enjoy happiness, hope and friendship in a world where in too many places there are famine, torture and murder.

So once again we take this opportunity to wish you joyful holidays, and glance at the year we are leaving behind.

This was the year of the hurricanes. There are the Hurricanes of Miami University football team, ranked number one so often. Then there was Andrew, the worst in American history, making havoc in Florida and Louisiana. When Andrew was finished with the Miami stadium, that hurricane had to play elsewhere.

And a political hurricane has just disestablished President Bush and thousands of Republicans who had held sway for 12 years. Our new president has promised change!

This was a good year for our family and friends. Corinne was married in July at Bryn Mawr College -- a beautiful occasion enjoyed by all. The groom, Peter Schoning, is co-editor of the magazine of the Danish Medical Association. They are living in Copenhagen, Denmark.

We had visitors from Rome, Carmelina's granddaughter and her fiancé. Their letter appears in this publication.

Bernice and Lew will again be going south this winter. They look forward to a 15-day cruise of the Caribbean, visiting 14 ports, from Jan. 22 to Feb. 6, 1993. All the more enjoyable if we have some of our relatives and friends with us. Interested? Contact us (609) 881-0911!

What epitomizes Christmas to me?

It is the scene from our garden picture window on a snowy morning, with Bernice in a bright smock taking food to the birds. Squirrels and chipmunks chase the birds away to get their share. But when they leave to hide their booty, the watching birds return. All is well!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Lew Bilancio

Dear LaVigna:

Thank you very much for having such a nice crowd of relatives and friends at the LaVigna Family Picnic. It was a great picnic.

Love to all,

Mary (Armenti) and Family

NOTE Reserve Sunday, July 11, 1993 for the annual LA VIGNA FAMILY PICNIC. This will be our TENTH year. Let's make it bigger than ever!

THE ACQUAVIVA-MONTAGUE FAMILY WISHES EVERYONE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.



Dan Garcia entertaining Robert's First Grade Class at Escondido Elementary School in Palo Alto, California. Robert's teacher's name is Lisa.

DANIEL GARCIA

The author of the article titled "Ancient Education" appearing on page 9 of the last issue of LaVigna was identified a "D. Garcia". Mr. Daniel Garcia is the husband of the former Roberta Immordino and the father of 6 year old Robert of Palo Alto, California. Both Daniel and Roberta have made preschool work their life's calling.

A MONTH IN THE U.S.A.

by Francesco & Sonia

From the moment that we set foot on American soil we have become aware of a land different from what we imagined.

We who lived so far away believed the airport of New York to be like a station of NASA: severe, and unforgiving customs, police everywhere, huge equipment.

We were so surprised to not find it so.

The immense distances have shocked us. After we took the bus at the airport we thought we would never meet Uncle Lew.

The first few days were disillusioning--so much rain! However, the kind reception by everyone fully compensated.

The moment the sun came out we began our vacation: relaxing days on the beach and ocean at Long Beach Island.

We visited some cities: Atlantic City disgusted us, money is not everything! Even New York City left us bewildered. It did not seem a city where a human being could spend his life. It is a place to be visited only. We did not like any of the urban areas, but we appreciate the great distances, such as the many examples of large green areas in New Jersey.

As we have said we have been happy with the affectionate reception given us and we thank everyone, in particular: Lewis and Bernice, Jenny and Bob, Lorraine, Clara and Dean.

So long.

Sonia and Francesco

Dean  
Clara  
Henry  
Jim  
Kuma  
1992  
Nova



Uncle Lew Bilancio shares this letter from his young  
(His mother's letter to La Vigna appears on page 6)

nephew JONATHAN SPILLERS:



Enclosed are some pictures of me. As you can see from my face I'm ready to get into some mischief. My mother tells me in order to learn the truest ways of mischief and all around sneakiness I need to go to the King of Tom Foolery and that's you.

She also told me that you are world famous for magic tricks and practical jokes. She told me that you've played ingenious tricks on my grandpa Leo and Greatgrandpa Nick. Things like pouring milk into a glass from very high altitudes to drive your father crazy, playing the harmonica and turning the tires of your Dad's delivery truck into the curb when you parked. These are things I need to know. So, I was hoping that in the next La Vigna you might write some of your stories of trickery, then mom could read them to me.

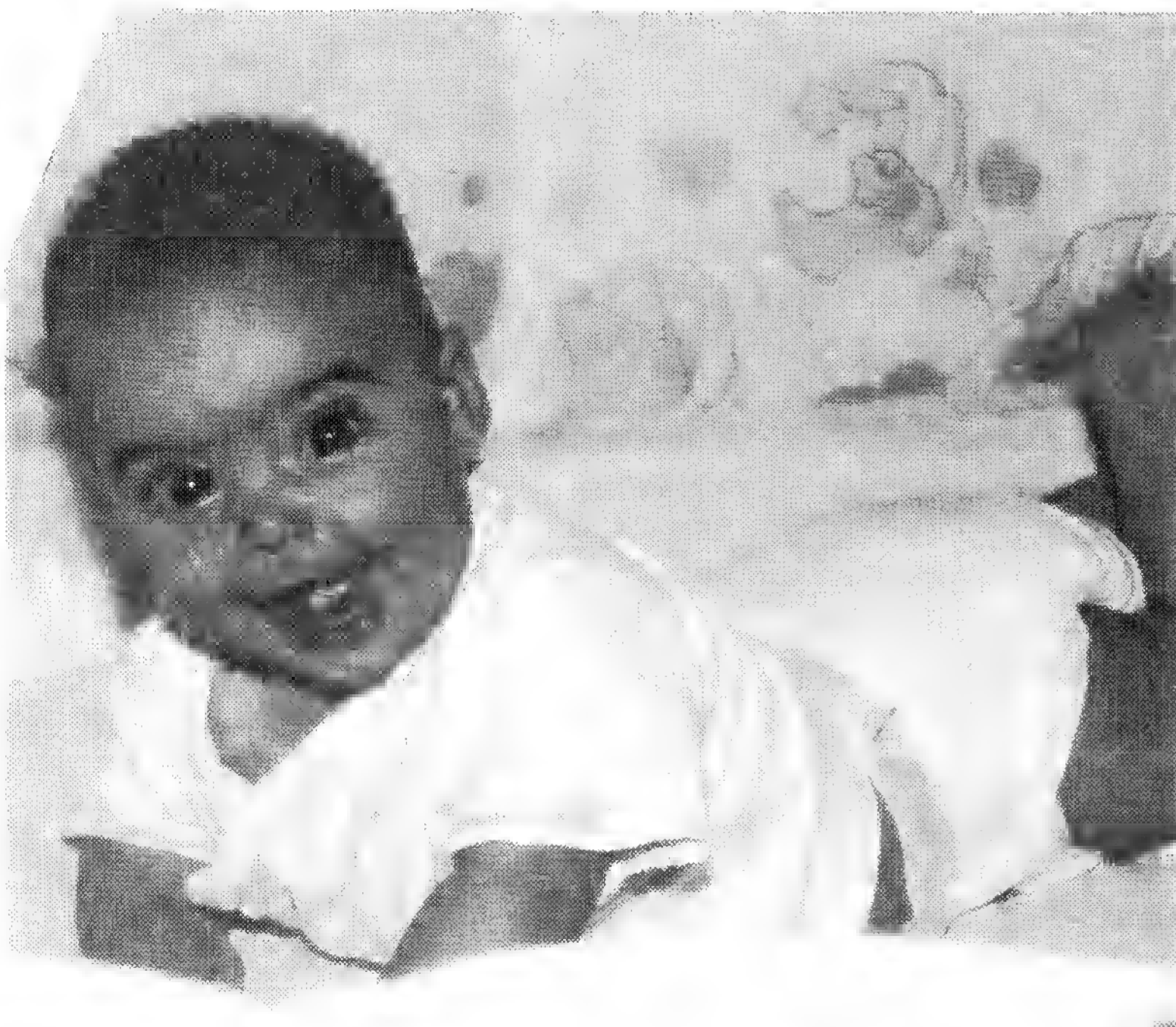
From what mom has told me of Bernice, I know she is the sweetest lady around, so for her I've reserved a hug and a kiss (I hope to learn to kiss by the time I see her.)

I hope on your next journey to Florida you will stop and stay with us. We are no longer so far off the beaten path like we were in Woodstock.

Love to you both.  
Your great nephew,  
Jonathan



Jonathan Spiller's big sister LEAH BILANCIO writes to La Vigna



Hi my name is Leah Marie Bilancio.  
I live in crazy California with my loving parents Ivan & Gloria. I thought it was about time to introduce myself to this fun family

in New Jersey. As you can tell from my picture I am having a great time with life so far. Plus I have my Grandpa's personality--Grandpa Leo and Grandpa "88". My poppy tells me they are both champions.

My mama says this Bilancio family is really big and there is a newspaper called La Vigna for everyone to stay informed. That's terrific news about my family because I have alot to say and I will stay in touch with all of you.

So far, since I've been on the earth we have had a flood in our new house so I'm learning how to swim early...then an earthquake. Wow, Rock n Roll! And everyone in Los Angeles was fighting because of some guy named Rodney King.

Man oh man! I've got my work cut out for me to spread love and peace around here.

I look forward to visiting all of you someday in New Jersey.

Love and kisses.  
Leah

OTTILIO BILANCIO SPEAKS TO LA VIGNA

Good morning relatives, friends and readers of "LaVigna". My intentions were to go to Florida where the climate is warmer than it is in New Jersey on account of my damaged lungs. I had known this 25 or 30 years before from reading all the articles that I had seen. I had a flower shop, and a rooming house. The house and the store had 3 numbers, 342, 344, 345 South Olden Ave in Trenton, New Jersey, that I owned...

It is a long story, but I will try to make it short. Before I went in the army, in the evening before I went to my furnished room, I went to see one of my aunts, this one was my mother's sister; her name was Genoveffa Paciolla-DeGiuseppe at 136 Pearl Street in Trenton New Jersey. She was about 100 pounds overweight. The only one on my mother's side or my father's side who was overweight. She was always up until 12 midnight or 12:30. She was always glad to see me. I went there a couple times a week. I lived ten minutes away from her house.

In the long conversations, years of talking, she discovered that I had the ability in estimating the value of one, two or three family houses. The house she owned at 136 Pearl Street was attached on one side to a large garage, and on the other side had a party wall connecting to another house; the outside dimension of the house was 15 or 16 feet. The yard was very small and would see the sun only part of the day. Her father, my grandfather in Casandrino, Italy, southern central part of the penninsula, was a farmer, a big

farmer for a small village of Casandrino, about 2 kilometers before the perimeter of the city of Naples.

She always dreamed of a house with a big yard and lots of sunshine to grow vegetables. Her husband, also overweight, was working in Roebling factory in Trenton, employed as a truck driver. My aunt never realized that a big yard required lots of work. She was too much overweight and in her 50 or so years; and her husband, also about 20 or 25 pounds overweight and 50 to 55 years old, when he came from work had couple glasses of homemade wine, lay on the sofa and slept. They had 3 girls from 3 to 8 years old. She dreamed always of a big yard with sunshine--"Then I will be happy." Uncle Sam put me in the army and I landed at Fort Monmouth, NJ. Every couple weeks I came to Trenton. First my aunt at 136 Pearl St and then my relatives and friends. This time she was happy--I found a house, big yard. "If you say it is good for this price, I will buy it." She gave the key to her daughter. I had an old car. We arrived at 342 So. Olden. Three floors, single brick house on a lot 50 x 150 feet to a public concrete paved alley. My young cousin Rose wanted to see the inside of the house. I said "No". I took my cousin Rose home. I told my aunt the house was worth much more than the selling price, and I went to visit other relatives and friends. Next the house at 342 So. Olden Ave.

Arrivederci.

ART

Jonathan Spillers' mom writes  
Letter to the Editor

Enclosed is a small contribution from your family in Georgia. We have moved: 2084 Kincaid Cove, Marietta GA 30066. We have room and are ready for any family members traveling southward!

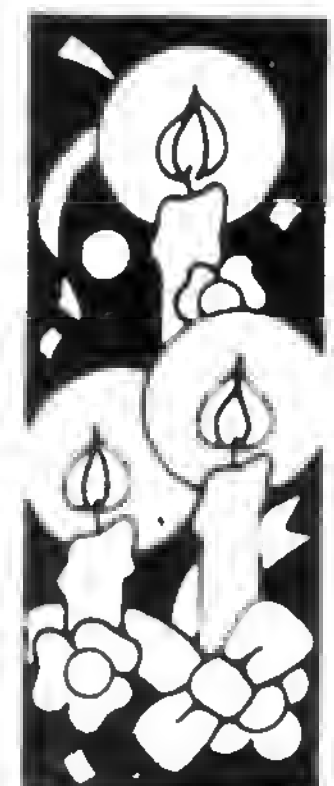
In January, Uncle Lew and Bernice came through for a quick visit. We enjoyed seeing them very much. Uncle Lew suggested that I use baby Jonathan's tongue to lick my stamps for me, seeing as babies "aren't of much practical use otherwise." I've tried this...Jonathan thinks this is a most delightful task and he laughs while doing it!

Just wanted to share a pearl of wisdom from a family elder.

Until Jonathan can meet the whole family I can at least read La Vigna to him. Keep up the great work! We enjoy every issue!

Love to all,

Jane Bilancio Spillers





3.1. LEW - continued from previous issues:  
**XMAS IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS**  
**59 YEARS AGO**  
by Lewis Bilancio

After nine days at sea, we landed at Casablanca. To our surprise there were modern buildings. They were in pretty, curved, horizontal lines, and the walls were in white, buff, pinks and yellows, and not covered with soot.

The people were clothed in a wide range of quality, colors, and styles. Most men wore fezes or turbans.

There was a young lady right out of the thousand and one nights. I saw her only once as she stepped out of a fancy horsedrawn carriage. She was very shapely, dressed in shimmering silklike cloth, her face covered up to her beautifully painted eyes. How did I guess she was shapely? Her outer layers of silk were almost transparent and flowed gracefully as she walked into an expensive hotel.

The Arabic and even the French sounded strange. I thought I knew French since I had studied it in school. I didn't. The streets were dirty. The few cars, Renaults and Volkswagens, were so different from what we were accustomed to in the states.

After two days in Casablanca restricted to our hotel, we were loaded into box cars used either for horses or soldiers. There were twenty of us in each car. The cars were bare but clean. We had our backpacks and barracks bags. I was still carrying a gas mask slung alongside as I had been told. Most had discarded theirs.

There was a sliding door, as well as several square windows on each side. There were no toilet facilities. We used the doors.

The soldiers gathered into several groups on the floor and played poker. I had liked the hammock on board ship, and the rings attached to the walls begged to be used. I took the shelter half (half of a tent for two, included in all backpacks) and ropes from my backpack, and soon was comfortably installed in an improvised hammock with a roll of underwear as a pillow, a blanket over me, my money safe in my pocket, playing my harmonica and watching the white-tipped Atlas mountains rolling by.

Another soldier was sitting on the floor with his back to the wall writing letters writing letters. He noticed what I had done and did the same. He was much heavier and we feared a collapse, but the grommets held and he swung in his hammock next to me for the rest of the trip. Sexson Humphrey and I became friends, throughout the war and long after. He was foreign editor of the Indianapolis Times. Each day he

wrote a letter to his wife and she did the same, although he would get them in bunches. He was about to receive his Laurea at the University of Rome, to which he had received a fellowship, when Italy entered the war against France and England. Expecting the U.S. to be involved, he hurried home.

Sexson and I discovered an unexpected use for our gas masks as we rode through the Atlas Mountains over bridges and through tunnels. The locomotives burned high sulphurous bituminous coal, and by the time the train came out of the tunnels, all would be choking except the two of us.

When the locomotive entered a tunnel, the sound of its whistle and its puffing changed its pitch; so we, toward the rear, would have advance notice. There would be the opposite change in pitch when the locomotive exited.

I was puzzled to see that some of the poker players would put their hands on their cards when a tunnel approached. It would become pitch dark and no one could possibly see their cards anyway. In one tunnel there was a sudden short opening in the gallery and then I noticed one player handing a card behind someone's back to another player.

After a couple of days, besides the usual C and K rations and coffee, several cases of beer were put on board. It was Christmas Eve.

At the end of a particularly long tunnel, one soldier, in the midst of his choking, asked "Lew, do you know why we love these long tunnels?" "No." I said. "Because you can't play that fuckin' harmonica with the mask on." When Sexson and I saw those soldiers laughing and choking at the same time, we laughed too; but I cut down on my playing.

Sexson and I were both not soldiers at heart, and if I had not met him, I would have been alone with my thoughts for the holidays. We had much in common, we did not drink or smoke and we both believed in education and scholarship.

We also differed, he was a conservative Republican Methodist, I was a progressive Democratic Presbyterian. Our differences were enjoyable, it was a search for the same truths, but we happened to be coming from different directions. I learned much from him.

What a beautiful day! Sexson and I had discovered each other, we were healthy in mind, in body and spirit and looking forward to a country we loved, and to which I had never been.

It was Christmas Day.

The train went through a tunnel and over a bridge and we ran along the edge of the Sahara; another ocean with distant horizons where man seems so small and

insignificant, engulfed in an infinity of grains of sand. In the distance there were nomads, Bedouin Arabs, in tents made of goat skins and camels.

Then the train swerved to the north and we saw for the first time the Mediterranean Sea and groves of date palms and of tangerine trees so loaded with fruit that you could hardly see the leaves, olive trees with their bitter black pearly fruit, and canyon valleys with waterfalls.

Barefoot children in rags stood along the tracks begging for candy. "Gimmy, Gimmy," they called, whistling. A small group was tasting some toothpaste which some soldier in a car ahead had thrown. Their intelligent little eyes glistened like the olives in the trees around them.

This is the country of the Berbers, a people who have neither been subdued by armies nor "liberated" by civilization. They live in abject poverty. The old men sat with their backs against their mud and straw houses, oblivious to the flies crawling on their faces.

Mature men smoking idly watched women bearing heavy loads on their heads, on their backs, and leading small children, some of whom carried even smaller children.

Somewhere along the line we crossed from Morocco to Algiers. After about 650 miles, we reached the colorful seaport of Algiers. The tethered, high-flying barrage balloons, serving as obstacles to enemy planes gave it a holiday air, while reminding us that there was a war on. One night in Algiers, then we continued to the village of Tizi-Ouzou, nestled in a little valley not far from the sea but separated from it by a chain of the Atlas Mountains. The town consisted of about 15,000 people, part Arabs and part Berbers of the Kabylie tribe. Although they are all Moslems, there is continuous feuding, Berbers against Arabs and tribes against tribes. They fought well against the French, in recognition of which the French organized them into brigades officered by Arab-speaking, specially trained French. They played an important role in Italy, more of which later.



### EGGPLANT ROLATINI

by

JOE GERVASIO

I remember, as a kid, watching my mother, grandmother, aunts, and uncles friends, and friends of friends cooking away at either the kitchen stove or an outdoor grill or some facsimile thereof. I could see their wide eyed stare and ear to ear grin as they concocted and made their dishes. I remember watching grandma Gervasio cooking pots of mussels and marina sauce (Ew!! They look like boogers!) or octopus, scungili and calamari. (No way was I gonna touch that junk!) Boy, as you grow up, you learn! You learn what a fool you were to look and not taste. Oh, God!! Mussels, Clams, Octopus. I could go on and on! It came about 30 years ago that it was my grandpop Gervasio who taught me how to make Eggplant Rolatini during one of our festive dinners. At the table there were eggplants, prosciutto, ravioli's stuffed so thick, Italian bread and of course, 7oz. bottles of 7-UP or COKE. Well, I might have had one too many bottles of soda and eyes too big for my stomach. I took a couple slices of bread, some prosciutto, some eggplant and some ravioli's. But this day, all I could eat was the ravioli minus the stuffing. "Mangia Joey!" I kept hearing. But I kept playing it off. I was gonna get over on pops that day-WRONG!!! My grandfather got that bread, put the eggplant, prosciutto, ravioli stuffing, rolled it into the bread halfway like a taco and said "Mangia until you finish" and that is where I got my idea for Eggplant Rolatini. It's roots go back to my childhood days, days when I told many "Storia Fantastica". (I still haven't stopped telling them today.)

(Continued on page 10 - Recipe)



THE GOOD EARTH

by Sandie Gervasio

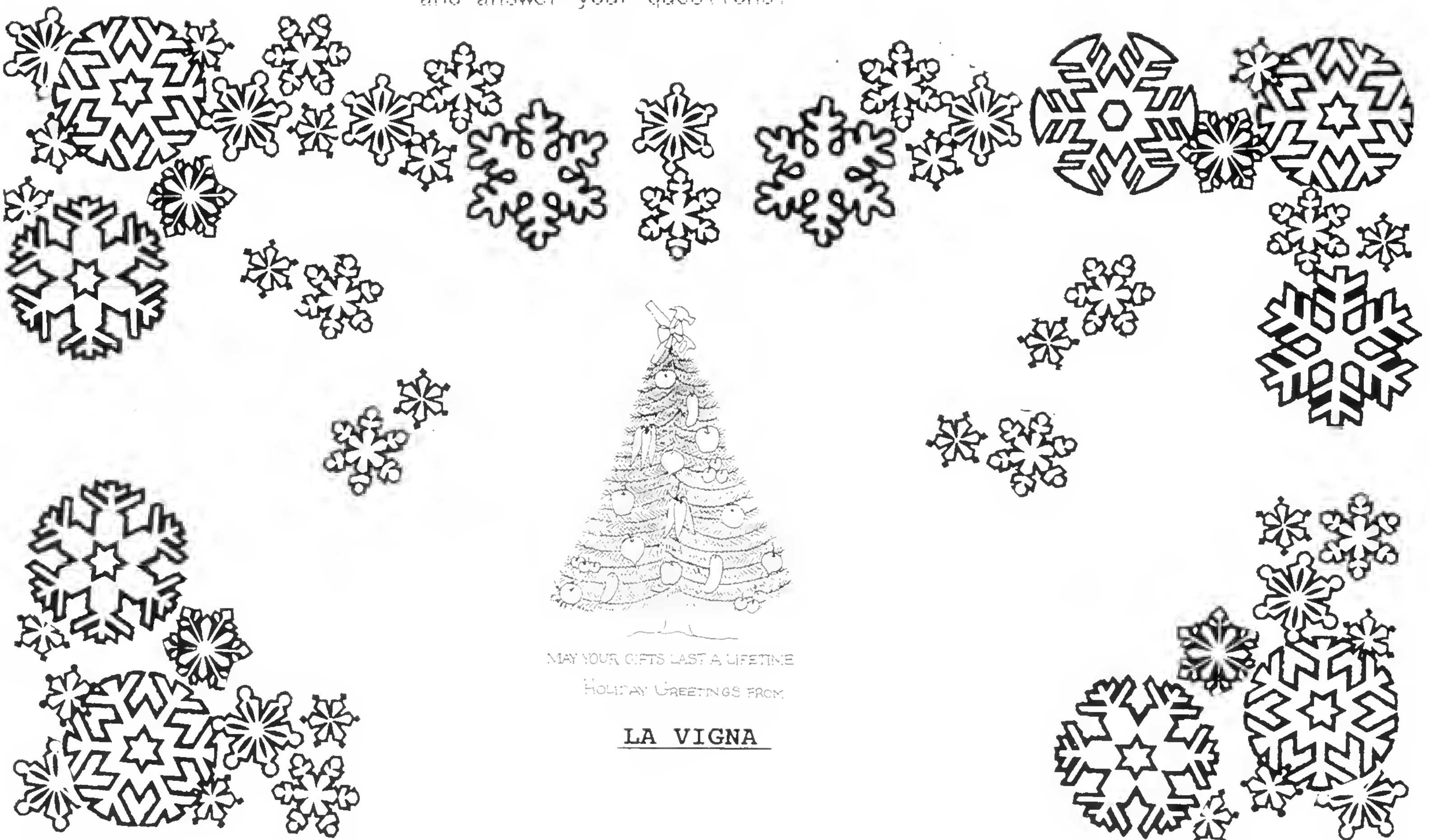


My beginnings with Nature go back to my childhood. While spending my summers in South Jersey and a special 10 days in New York State with my grandparents, I learned gardening and took long walks to study the flora and fauna. All my free time as a young adult was spent going to the woods!! This interest took me to Vermont and this is where Dominic and I fell in love. The next 10 years I spent creating my own landscaping company. As things go, we are back in New Jersey, full circle. My keen desire and love to understand our plant friends on an intimate level has brought me to write an on-going column in our wonderful family paper. Reader participation will be greatly appreciated. Any questions on gardening, herbs, flowers, landscaping, etc., can be sent to me and I will answer a few in each column.

In today's column I will discuss "One Magnificent Mineral". A key mineral that promotes flexibility in our bodies (that lack of stiffness and tightness), is proven to help blood pressure to decline, and is a major factor in promoting positive health for the heart is the wonderful mineral magnesium (a polar compliment to calcium in our bodies). The natural whole food sources are yellow cornmeal, corn, herbal foods like alfalfa and figs, lemons, almonds, kelp seaweed, brown rice and wheat germ. I hope this information has been helpful and if you have any questions on gardening or the natural holistic approach to health. Please write to me at the following address:

Sandie Gervasio  
714 Nottingham Lane  
Mercerville, New Jersey 08619

I will be happy to research the materials and answer your questions!



LA CUCINA

## EGGPLANT ROLATINI

by Joe Gervasio

(See related story on page 8)

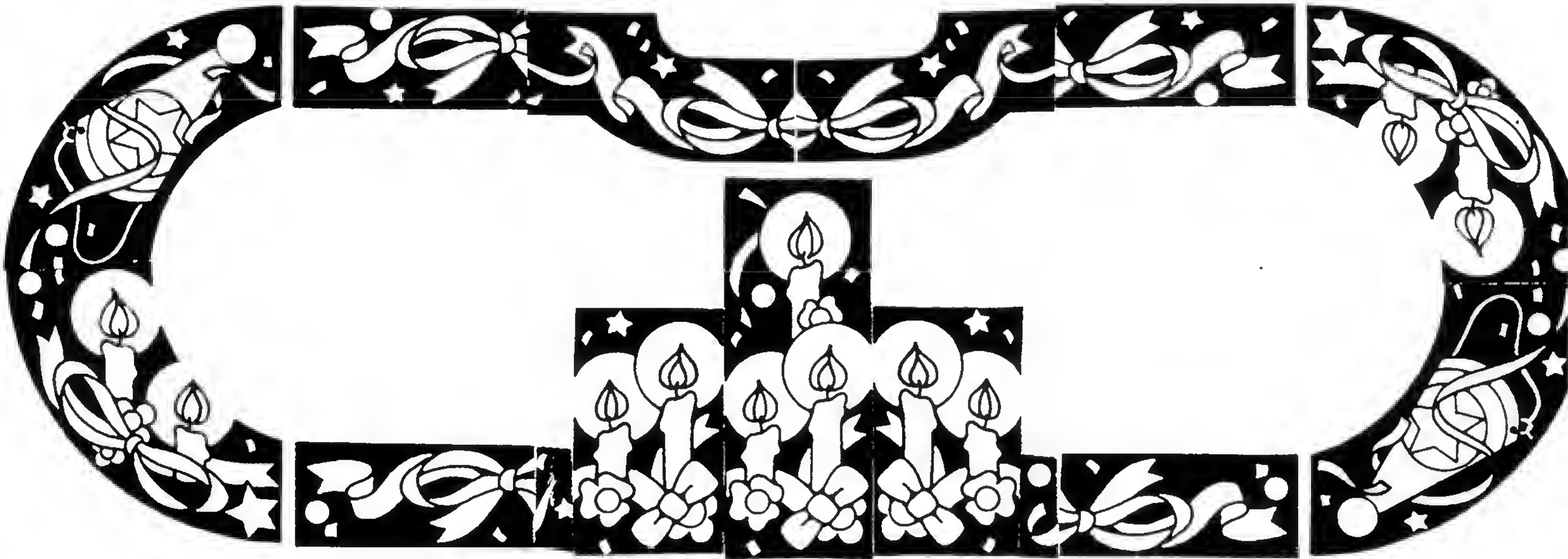
1 lb. prosciutto  
 Romano Cheese (to taste)  
 2 Medium Eggplants  
 5 Large eggs  
 1 lb. Bread Crumbs  
 Even amount of Flour  
 1 qt. Riccotta Cheese  
 1 lb. Mozzarella  
 1 qt. Jar of Dominic's meat  
     flavor sauce  
     (You've gotta try it Ralph!)

Salt to taste  
 Garlic to taste  
 Pepper to taste  
 Parsley to taste  
 3 oz. milk  
 Light sunflower oil

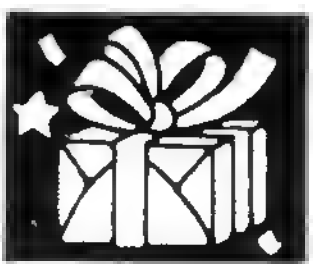
1. Peel and slice eggplant into thin slices yielding 10-15 slices per eggplant.
2. Beat eggs slightly with milk.
3. Combine bread crumbs, flour, salt, pepper, garlic and parsley.
4. Bread the eggplant - Dip slices first in egg mixture and then in the bread. Repeat if you want thick breading, but you'll need to add more of egg and bread mixture.
5. Fry to golden brown and let cool down.
6. Chop 1 lb. of prosciutto into five pieces mix with 1 qt. Riccotta and 3/4 lb. of Mozzarella cheese ( very coarsely grated)
7. Scoop Riccotta and Prosciutto mixture onto eggplant slices spread and roll and place on any kind of aluminum baking tray.
8. Cover with sauce rest of mozzarella and sprinkle some romano cheese and pepper on top.  
 Bake at 350 for approximately 1/2 hour .. And you're done!!

To all of you who enjoyed this dish at the picnic, let me know so, I thank you. You can't imagine how much it meant to me that day. And to that certain "Californian" who didn't get a chance to sample how good it was. Maybe next year!! However, if you've been a good scout, just call and I'll let you in on a great chicken dish called,

**STUFFED CHICKEN BREAST ALA JOE MON"**



90 Eggerts Crossing Road  
 Lawrenceville NJ 08648



*Merry Christmas*